



JOHN F. ELLIS & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1852,

937 Pennsylvania Avenue, Near Tenth Street

PIANOS AND ORGANS

For Sale at Reasonable Prices, on Easy Terms

Tuning, Repairing and Moving promptly attended to. Cornets, Violins, Fiddles, Guitars, and everything in the music line for

CASH OR ON INSTALMENTS.

JOHN F. ELLIS & CO.,

937 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

Wonders in Store.

Remarkable as have been the advances in the uses to which electricity can be put, according to Professor Melville Bell, the future has even greater surprises in store for us. He thinks the time will come when electrical and telephone messages will be sent with wires. The message bearer will be the rays of the sunlight. The so-called electrical action is simply vibrations in the air, which produce certain results at different points; and Professor Bell is of the opinion that inventive genius will yet enable us to make use of the imperceptible agents to transmit messages between distant localities. Indeed, there are enthusiasts who now think that we will ultimately be able to communicate with sentient beings in other planets. It has been demonstrated that the materials which compose the heavenly bodies are identical, and it is a fair inference that creatures corresponding to our own race, with the same kind of faculties, people them. If so, we may perhaps yet have a friendly chat with the inhabitants of Venus and Mars, and probably other worlds in solar systems beyond our own.—*Christian at Work.*

Fuel.

In a paper recently read before the Paris Academy of Sciences, some very interesting facts were given in regard to the various materials used as fuel, with some of which our readers are probably not familiar. Fossil resin, which has the appearance of yellow amber, is obtained from the auriferous alluvium of New Grenada. Egyptian asphalt leaves after burning a red ash, which is oxide of iron. Judea pitch is found floating in lumps on the surface of the Dead Sea. Samples of pitch from China are obtained from bore holes which the Chinese put down for the purpose of procuring salt. These holes, which are usually about 300 fathoms deep and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, are bored with an iron rope, and the salt water is raised by a bamboo rod with a valve at the bottom. When the bore hole is put down to a still greater depth, considerable quantities of inflammable gas issues from it, and the gas is utilized in lighting up the work and also for firing the steam boilers, the Chinese being practical and wide awake in this as in many other things.

There has been some discussion as to whether a person lying in a sleeping-car should place his feet toward the locomotive or the reverse. One man (writing to a medical journal) who traveled about forty-eight thousand miles a year with his back to the locomotive, became extremely ill with a nervous affection, and got well after he had given up the habit. His doctor believes that persons who travel much by rail should "take all sorts of positions." A German physician, Dr. Outten, says that if a person lies with his feet toward the engine, the movement of the car tends to draw the blood from the brain to the feet, cerebral anemia is produced, and then sleep. But if he lies with his head nearer the locomotive (as is the custom in Germany), there is produced a cerebral hyperemia, incompatible with sweet repose. Doctor McBride, of the Milwaukee Insane Asylum, advises exactly the reverse. He holds that with the feet toward the engine the blood tends to the head. In the starting of a train momentum is first given to the car. Bodies in the car resist for a moment, and then acquire the same momentum. But on the least increase of speed they offer resistance—they are not disposed to go as fast as the car. A round marble placed on a board will roll back when the board is moved rapidly, and he thinks it is reasonable to suppose that in a human body the blood constantly offers resistance to the motion of the train. Therefore, with the feet to the engine, the blood will seek the brain. For this reason Dr. McBride urges sleeping with the head toward the engine.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A correspondent of one of the medical journals says that the application of a strong solution of chromic acid three or four times a day by means of a camel's hair pencil is the best and easiest method of removing warts.

Some Springfield physicians are speculating upon the influence of the telephone upon the sense of hearing. They have found several cases wherein disease of the ear is said to have been aggravated by using it.

The waves are ever at war. They are constantly shelling the beach.

SIX-LEGGED POLICEMEN.

The Arrest of a Drunken Ant-Some-thing About Animal Prisons and Prisoners.

"Just cast your eye over this," said a naturalist. "There is evidence that among the animals there is a police department or an ambulance corps, one or the other."

The reporter closed one eye, holding it shut with one hand, and with the other gazed through a powerful magnifier. He saw three ants, and one was apparently in a very maudlin condition. It raised its legs in the air, waved its head to and fro like an elephant, and evinced a decided desire to walk backward. In the mean time the other two ants were vainly endeavoring to coax it along, at first caressing it with their antennae, and finally, as if out of patience, seizing it and marching it off out of the range of vision.

"That," said the naturalist, "is a case of drunk and disorderly; \$10 or ten days." I felt the ant on sweetened rum, so that it was actually drunk; then I admitted two sober ants to see if they would take care of it, and you see they have done so.

"The idea of intoxicating ants is original with Sir John Lubbock. He found that ants nearly always arrested other ants that he had made drunk. In fact, if you asked me what was the most intelligent animal next to man I should say the ant. No, not because he will get drunk, but for a thousand reasons."

"Do you suppose ants imprison their kind for offences?" asked the reporter.

"There is no doubt of it," was the reply, "as they imprison vast numbers of insects for various reasons. In fact, the lower animals have their prisons and prisoners as well as we do. Of course they are a little different, but we must allow for a difference in tastes. Everybody knows how ants make prisoners of various species of aphides, and slaves of their own kind. One of the most remarkable cases of imprisonment is that of the bird horn-bill, so called from the wonderful development of its bill, which is only used in crushing fruit. The breeding season is probably not looked forward to with any great degree of pleasure by the birds, as it is a period of close imprisonment for the mother and of great labor for the father bird. As the time approaches the female searches for a hollow tree, and, having found a rude nest, takes her place within. The male now flies away and returns with its bill full of mud, which it plasters about the opening of the nest. Load after load is thus brought and laid on until the crevice is completely plastered up, with the exception of a single orifice large enough to admit the bill of the prisoner. The mud soon hardens, and the bird is firmly enclosed, and so remains until the young are hatched and well grown. The male bird is not a hard jailer, however, but works to obtain food for its mate, so that she comes out of prison in much better condition than her unfortunate jailer."

"Trees are not the only prisons," continued the speaker. "In marine life there is no end of prisons and prisoners. For example, here is the beautiful sponge called Venus's flower basket which grows in eastern seas. They are unsightly objects when first taken up, the rich sheeny silvery framework that we see being merely the skeleton of the sponge, so to speak. So much like basket work is this skeleton that when they were first brought to Europe they were supposed to be the work of men, and so brought fabulous prices. In this one that I have you see there are two prisoner crabs, but how did they get in? Each is as large as the end of your little finger, and the largest hole in the skeleton is not larger than a pinhead."

"The reporter gave it up. "The truth is," said the naturalist, "that the crabs are prisoners for life, and have served out a life sentence. In their younger days these crabs are called by different names, and in one stage—the zoea—they are extremely small, and live a roaming sort of life. During this time our crabs must have crawled through the minute window of the living sponge, and were unable to get out. The sponge grew, and so did the crabs. Finally the sponge was fished up, and the animal matter was washed away, leaving the bright, silvery prison with the two great prisoners crawling about—as great a puzzle as the egg in the bottle."—*New York Sun.*

A Long Service.

John Quincy Adams received a salary from the United States government for sixty-nine years, and the sum total must have amounted to one-half a million. At the close of his presidential term he had had fifty-two years of office-holding, and his salary had aggregated \$425,000; still, he had seven years of congress after this, and

died at the capitol at a congressional session. At the age of fourteen he went to Russia as the private secretary of the American legation, and he was in after years minister to England, Germany, Portugal, Russia and the Netherlands.

Wisdom That Comes Only With Years.

It is a singular analogy which is offered with the life of human flowers by the growth of those of a frail and more perishable sort. Fair and sweet and delicate are youth and maidenhood, as the strawbell and anemone, and twin linneas; rich and beautiful are the early years of life, as roses and carnations are; but in the ripper, maturer life is strength for vital work that needs must exhaust the earth, so soon is it to be followed by mild decay. Our statesmen do their great work in this season; our poets try their wings in May and June, but their larger flight is now; our novelists write from intuition only till the ripeness of experience comes; our young lawyers may have talent and acumen, but they have not the power that is theirs later with rounded intellect and complete knowledge of life; our young physicians may be fresh from walking famous hospitals abroad, but they have not the habits and memories of twenty years by night and day at the side of sick beds to make their wisdom seem like genius; our young preachers may tickle the fancy with their airy eloquence and gift of words, but they will not touch the heart as they do when they have tasted all the springs of sorrow and sympathy, the draught that added years, and they alone, shall proffer them. It has needed what is equivalent to the fervent and accumulated heats which belong to that middle of life as of the year, to call out the full force of what is in them, and the flame burns then with all its might, for presently it must fall in ashes, presently the beats will all be gone; no more will the vital efflux of the receding sun send its impulse through the roots of life, no more will soul or flower expand to the rich light of day, but the autumn damps and the chill of the grave will rise round them.—*Harpur's Daily.*

Nightcaps in the Navy.

Capt. W. H. Parker entered the navy as a midshipman in October, 1841, being then fourteen years of age, and was almost immediately ordered to the U. S. steamer North Carolina, anchored off New York. When he went to bed in the evening a surprise awaited him for which he was totally unprepared. "Up to this time," he says, "I had suffered much with earache, and my mother caused me to wear night-caps. My caps were of many colors, blue, red, green, etc., for they were made of remnants of my sister's dresses. Now, as I made my final preparations for repose I opened my trunk and put on a close-fitting night-cap. It was the signal for indescribable confusion. If I had put on a suit of mail it could not have caused more astonishment among those light-headed referees. They rushed at my trunk, seized the caps, put them on, and joined in a wild dance on the deck, in which were mingled blue caps and white caps and all colors of caps in pleasing variety. I had to take mine off before turning in, as it really did seem to me too much for their feelings, but I managed to smuggle it under my pillow, and when all was quiet I put it on again. But, when the midshipman came down at midnight to call the relief, he spied it and we had another scene. This was the last I ever saw of my caps. I have never had one on since, and consequently never had the earache."—*Philadelphia Times.*

The American Camels.

The camels now running wild in Arizona were bought by the United States Government in Asia Minor. There were seventy-six camels in the first "colony." They were first employed in packing between Fort Tejon and Albuquerque, in some instances carrying 100 gallons of water to the animal and going nine days without water themselves. Tiring of the camels, the Government condemned them, and they were sold at Benicia to two Frenchmen, who took them to Reese River, where they were used in packing salt to Virginia City. Afterward the animals were brought back to Arizona, and for some time were engaged in packing ore from Silver King to Yuma; but through some cause or other the Frenchmen became disgusted, there being no market for camels just then, and turned the camels loose upon the desert near Maricopa wells, and to-day they and their descendants are roaming through the Gila Valley, increasing and multiplying and getting fat upon the succulent sagebrush and grease-wood with which the country abounds.—*Tombstone Epitaph.*

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

It is an honor in Morocco to receive from the Sultan a loaf of black bread.

An ancient and venerable mulberry tree, its trunk propped up with stones, marks the spot in Jerusalem where Manasseh caused the prophet Isaiah to be sawn in two.

A distinguished botanist has found that by simply soaking the stems of cut flowers in a weak dye solution, their colors can be altered at will without the perfume and the freshness being destroyed.

As an illustration of the strength of paper, it is said that a Bank of England note twisted into a kind of rope, can sustain as much as 320 pounds avoirdupois suspended to it, and not be injured in the least.

In Donegal, Ireland, there is a rock cavity into which the tide rushes with great force, producing a sound which can be heard twenty or thirty miles, and sending a torrent of water several hundred feet into the air. It is called McSwine's Gun.

A curiosity in Irwin county, Georgia, is a large pine tree with two distinct bodies and only one top. The two trunks grew out of the ground about five feet from each other, but at forty feet high grew together, and from thence made only one tree and top.

The remains of certain mushrooms which make excellent tinder are found in nearly all the ancient Swiss lacustrine dwellings, and it is supposed that their inhabitants either use them to kindle fires or pounded them and employed them as snuff, as some Asiatics do to this day.

An ear of corn on exhibition at San Louis Obispo, Cal., grew in the exact form of a hand of a child, showing the wrist, hand, thumb and fingers, all perfect excepting the little finger, which is double. It is covered with a small grain of corn to near the tip of the fingers, which are bare prongs of cob, giving the appearance of a hand clad with a mitt.

An extraordinary pearl has been found at Nichol Bay. It is composed of nine distinct pearls about the size of peas, of a fine lustre and firmly bedded together in the form of a perfect cross about an inch and a half long. It is a perfectly unique curiosity, and is expected says the Melbourne Argus, to fetch a fabulous price, owing to the extraordinary coincidence of its perfectly representing the symbol of Christianity.

In a Persian City.

Resht contains over ten thousand inhabitants, and is important as being the principal Persian city on the Caspian, says a correspondent. It is noted for its tobacco, which is very delicate and mild, and for a sort of embroidery on broadcloth called Resht work, which is sometimes seen in America in the shape of table-covers and sofa-cushions. The city is very unhealthy, owing to malaria from the low grounds and the stagnant pools of water which cover the numerous rice-fields. The streets are narrow and winding; the houses low and built for the most part of mud and sun-dried brick, and hatched with mud and straw. Some of the summer places in the neighborhood are very pleasantly surrounded by rose gardens, and have fine avenues of shade trees. In a visit to one of these in company with a Persian of high rank, we were both amused and disgusted at the absolute control he had, not only over his servants, but over all inferiors as well. As we came to a party of boys bathing in a small river the humor seized him to make one of his servants bathe, and, not content with this, he made other servants throw several of their fellows into the water with their clothes on, and was quite delighted at the sorry plight they were in as they came ashore. He had the boys, who came up begging for a "shah's," thrown heels over head from a high bank into the water. One little fellow was seriously hurt. The gentleman thought, when his fun was over, that he had settled all scores by tossing a few silver pieces among them.

Queen Victoria's Proposal.

Mrs. Oliphant writes in the Century: "There was a story current at the time, that at a state ball, very near the period of their betrothal, the young lady gave her princely suitor a rose, which he, without a button-hole in his close-fitting uniform, slit the breast of his coat to find a place for, and that this was a token to all the court of the final determination of the great event—her Majesty, as it is pleasant to hear, having shown herself a little coy and disposed to put off the explanation, as pappy girls are wont to do. No more perfect marriage has ever been recorded; the Queen herself attributes the formation of her character to it, and all that is most excellent in her life."

STREET SWINDLES.

A New York Correspondent's Account of a Bowersy Encounter.

Near the Bowery, in Canal Street, is No. 192, with a grocery in the basement, a number of rascals in the grocery, and a variety of curious wiles in the rascals. This is a kind of headquarters for operators known as street fakirs—prize candy peddlars, three-card monte men and other petty swindlers. They are usually on vacation while here, having returned from trips to horse races, country fairs and other occasions of concourse. But when their money runs out before their play spell does, they sometimes go to work close by. Thus circumstances, no doubt, was the low-browed, unshaven, greasy-coated chap who to day opened a black bag on a tripod at the outer edge of the sidewalk in front of 192. He had about two dozen small cubes wrapped in white paper like caramels. He took several \$1 and \$2 dollar bills from his pocket, making as rich a display as possible on a meagre capital.

"I am going to roll this 'ere \$2 note round this 'ere block of wool," he said, suiting his action to the words, "and there it is, all done up neat," and I holds it atwixt my thumb and finger, which he unquestionably did. "Now keep your eyes on it, for I'm going to fool you. I throws it into the pile of blocks—so—and yer can't tell now which it is."

But we could, for he had dropped it quite separate from the rest, and so slowly that there could be no doubt about its identity. Then he asked a bystander—whether a stool-pigeon or not made no difference to the game—to pick out three of the wrapped blocks. This was done, and, of course, the selection included the one containing the money. He laid these in a row, and at that point changed the prize for a blank by deft "palming."

"Now, I'll sell the three for half a dollar," he said, and rattled along with nonsensical argument until a fool made the purchase. The crowd laughed at the dupe, when he opened the parcels and found no bank note; and in 15 minutes the rascal had collected \$3. A policeman sauntered by, but did not interfere. A scowling pal, by driving off all the boys, prevented the crowd from reaching undesirable proportions. The seventh deal was in progress. It was intently watched by a fellow who was fully a foot taller, proportionately broader and incomparably browner than the gambler. His character was unmistakable by anybody in the least familiar with New York types. He was a Bowery slugger. If not employed to whip or eject disturbers in some concert hall, it was simply because he had temporarily given up business to go out on a spree. His condition was palpably that of an inebriety which, by long duration rather than present intensity, filled him from the tumbled hair that stuck through his broken hat to his toes, that threatened a similar escape from his muddy shoes. His trousers pockets were empty, except for his hands, judging by the size of those maulers when he pulled them out, but an exploration of his vest resulted in the discovery of 50 cents. He tendered the coin and reached for the three cubes that the swindler had temptingly displayed, but there was a sudden tendency on the part of that individual to reform.

"Mind, I don't say there's \$2 in this lot," he said in a forced, even ghastly vein of pleasantry; "I'll guarantee you that there ain't," and he winked elaborately at the slugger, as much as to say confidentially, between themselves, that of course it was only a sucker that would fool his money away.

The slugger was not to be repelled. He had made up his mind to play that game to win. He held his half-dollar for a second aloft, with a gesture that made his biceps distend his coat sleeve significantly, and then made the silver ring among the little packets. "You lie," and here some of his personally descriptive words are not quotable; "there's a \$2 rag in one of 'em, and don't you make no mistake. I'm a buying 'em, and the money's right now—and I'm awaiting," was the uncompromising growl in response; Three for belief a dollar. Toss 'em over."

The swindler parted rather with the two dollars that he had than take the whipping that he did not want. He hastily manipulated the three cubes, and cringingly handed them to the slugger, who controlled his fist with a visible effort on finding nothing in the first that he opened, but he slouched away mollified after taking the requisite money out of the second.

Address to a Sea-Bird.

Oh, wild wave wanderer,
Precipice ponderer,
Haunter of heaven and searcher of seas,
Storm scorner, thunder-born,
Through clouds ampler torn,
Thou not for wonder born,
Heedless of horror, with sickle-like case
Cuttest thy silent swath,
Fierce, unafraid,
When the fierce quivering lightning-ating
shivering,
Darts to the dark earth
The snake of its blades.
Polar snows snow on thee,
Tropic winds blow on thee,
Tempest and terror are stung with delight;
Ocean's broad billows
To thee are thy pillows,
Vast hollowed heaven thy chamber at night,
Sunrise and moonrise and winking waters,
Midnight's pale shadows, the cloud's silver daughters,
All gaze upon thee and envy thy flight;
Freedom itself in its perilous height,
Cries life is mine in his mien and his might!
—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

HUMOROUS.

The net that is most popular with blonde youth—brunette.

Long courtships are to be avoided—especially when they last until three o'clock in the morning.

A noted physician says that nearly all women have smaller chests and trunks than they ought. Baggage men don't think so.

When a young man escorts his girl home after evening service, he finds that the longest way round is near enough for him.

"No trouble to have my ears bored," remarked the young lady with diamond pendants. "I have it done at every party I attend."

"The difference," mused Twistem, "between a necessary adjunct of the kitchen and a fat party going up a ladder is simply this: One's a muffin pan, the other's a puffin pan."

Little Nellie, six years old, who has been at school two weeks: "Mamma, I am next to the head of my class!" Mamma: "How many scholars are there in the class, Nellie?" Nellie: "Two, mamma!"

The young lady who considers it an appendage button, goes into ecstasies of delight over, and thinks nothing of making a quilt containing about four thousand pieces of silk.

"Can you give me a bite or two?" asked the tramp. "Certainly," replied the farmer. "Here, Towser, Towser!" "Never mind," said the tramp as he cleared the wall; "don't go to any trouble about it. I thought you had it handy. I'm not very hungry now anyhow."

Out in Manitoba a couple of leading citizens had a race on foot about which there was considerable betting and excitement. The local paper in its heading, "A Foot Race," got in an "i" instead of a "t." This did not suit the competitors to a "t." Such an insinuation was not "t-egant."

A Strange Hallucination Cured.

Malebranche, a celebrated philosopher of the seventeenth century, was for a long time the victim of a singular notion. The London Journal says he fancied that he had an enormous leg of mutton attached to the end of his nose. A friend would shake hands with him and inquire, "How is M. Malebranche to-day?" "Pretty well, on the whole; but this horrid leg of mutton is getting quite unbearable by its weight and its smell." "What! This leg of mutton?" "Yes. Can't you see it hanging there in front?" If the friend burst into a laugh, or ventured to deny the existence of the strange phenomenon, Malebranche would get angry. At length a colleague of his, a man gifted with a sense of the humorous, determined to cure him by some means or other. Calling upon him one day he affected to perceive the cause of his trouble and inquired about it. The imaginary patient, overcome with gratitude, ran to embrace this first believer, who, stepping backwards, uttered a cry, "What! Have I hurt you, my friend?" "Certainly; you have run your leg of mutton into my eye. I really cannot understand why you have not tried to get rid of that awkward appendage long since. If you will allow me with a razor—an operation performed without the slightest danger"—"My friend, my friend, you will have saved my life! Oh! Ah! Oh!" In the twinkling of an eye the friend had slightly grazed the tip of his nose, and producing from under his coat a splen. did leg of mutton, he flourished it triumphantly in the air. "Ah," exclaimed Malebranche, "I live, I breathe! My nose is free, my head is free! But—but—it was a raw one and this one is cooked!" "Why, of course; you have been sitting for an hour close to the fire!" From this time Malebranche ceased to be haunted by his leg of mutton.